

MOUNTAIN MAIDS INVITATION

ARRANGED FOR THE

GUITAR

John B. Gould

BOSTON Published by OLIVER DITSON 25 Washington St.

Come! come! come! O'er the hills free from care, In my home true
pleasure share; Blossoms sweet, flowers most rare, Come where joys are found.
Here the sparkling dews of morn, Tree and shrub with gems adorn,

Jewels bright, gaily worn, Beauty all a - round. Tra la la la,
 tra la la, Tra la la la, tra la la, Jewels bright, gaily worn,
 Beauty all a - round.

2

Come! come! come!
 Not a sigh, not a tear,
 E'er found in sadness here,
 Music soft, breathing near,
 Charms away each care!
 Birds, in joyous hours, among
 Hill and dell, with grateful song,
 Dearest strains here prolong,
 Vocal all the air!
 Tra la la la, tra la la,
 Tra la la la, tra la la,
 Dearest strains here prolong,
 Vocal all the air!

3

Come! come! come!
 When the day's gently gone,
 Evening shadows coming on,
 Then, by love, kindly won,
 Truest bliss be thine!
 Ne'er was found a bliss so pure,
 Never joys so long endure;
 Who would not love secure!
 Who would joys decline!
 Tra la la la, tra la la,
 Tra la la la, tra la la,
 Who would not love secure!
 Who would joys decline!

